

# ELF & WARRIOR

*by AC Stuart and Victor Rosas II*





OUR SCOUTS  
TELL US THEY'RE ON  
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE  
VALLEY DUG IN AND WAITING  
FOR OUR ATTACK. AINT NO  
WAY WE'RE WINNING  
THAT ONE.



WE WANNA MAKE 'EM.  
THINK WE'RE GONNA ATTACK  
AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH TO  
GET PEOPLE AROUND 'EM

WE SEND A DETACHMENT  
AROUND BACK TO CUT OFF THEIR  
SUPPLY LINE IF THEY THINK THEY'RE  
GOING TO STARVING OUT. THEY'LL HAVE  
TO GIVE UP THE HIGH GROUND AND WE  
CAN LOOK FOR A BETTER FIGHT.



IT COULD WORK, BUT  
IT'S RISKY. HOW MANY MEN  
WERE YOU THINKING?



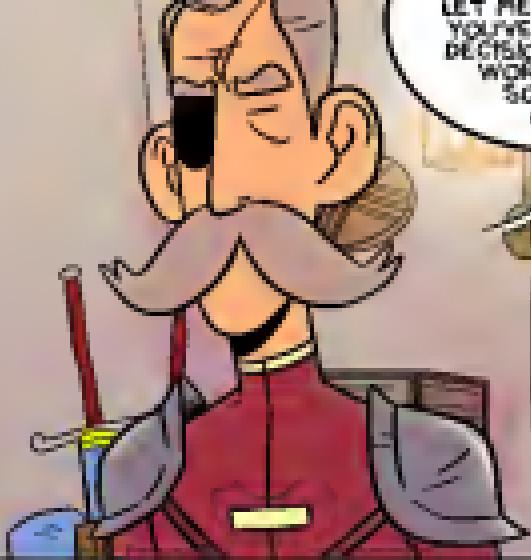
THE ELVES ARE  
COCKY. THEY LEAVE  
THEIR SUPPLY LINES  
ALMOST UNPROTECTED.  
A SINGLE UNIT OF GOOD  
MEN COULD GET IT DONE  
WITH LESS CHANCE OF  
GETTING CAUGHT.



VERY WELL.  
I LEAVE IT TO YOU  
TO SELECT THE MEN



LET ME KNOW WHEN  
YOU'VE MADE YOUR  
DECISION AND SEND  
WORD TO THE  
SOUTHERN  
ARMY.







THAT'D BE A GREAT  
IDEA, EXCEPT FOR  
ONE THING

WHAT?



YOU'RE TERRIBLE.  
JUST VERY BAD AT  
EVERYTHING YOU  
WANT TO BE  
GOOD AT.

THAT'S  
TRUE...



BUT GENERAL  
PATROCLUS SAYS  
YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF  
THIS, RIGHT?

COME ON, PULL  
SOME STRINGS. WHAT'S  
THE POINT OF BEING IN  
THE HIGH COMMAND IF YOU  
CAN'T DO SPECIAL FAVORS  
FOR YOUR LITTLE  
BROTHER?





NOT A CHANCE,  
AJAX. YOUD JUST  
GET YERSELF AND  
EVERYONE ELSE  
KILLED.



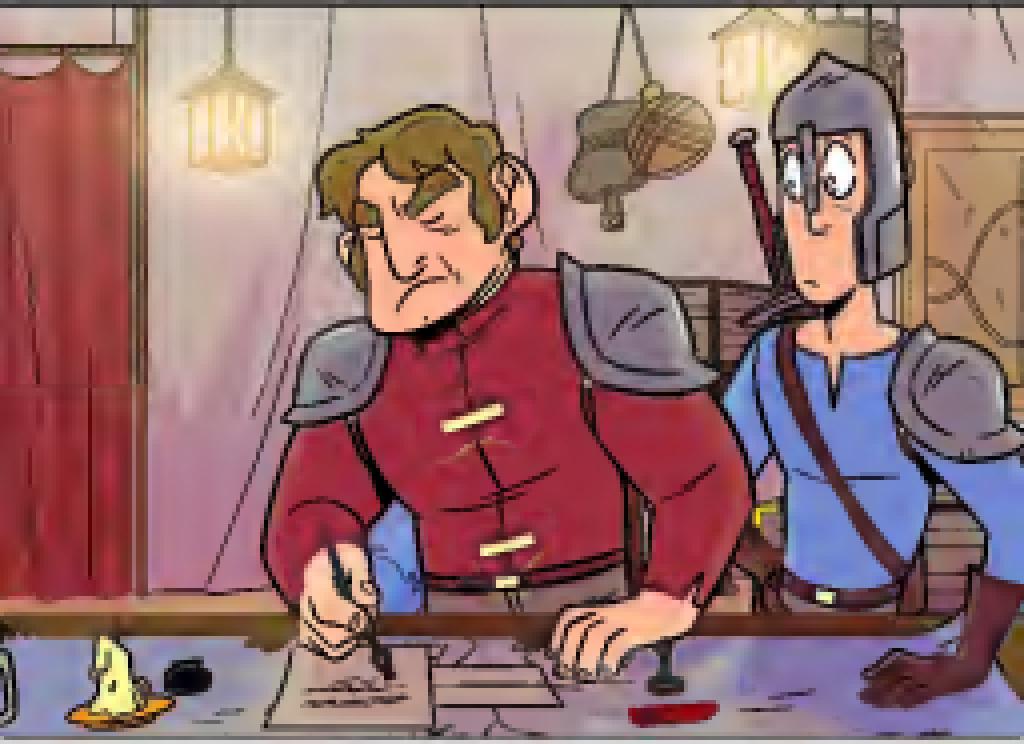
AW CMON,  
HECTOR! HE'C.  
OL' HECKY.



HECERINO.

THE  
HECINATOR.

THE  
HEC-MAN.



HEC TO  
THE TORARR.

SHUT UP.

DRAY.





LISTEN, YOU CAN'T  
BE PART OF THE SPECIAL  
UNIT, BUT I GOT A JOB FOR  
YOU AN IMPORTANT ONE.



AW, YEAH!  
I WON'T LET  
YOU DOWN,  
HECTOR.



YOU BETTER NOT, AJAX.



HERE.



...YOU WANT  
ME TO BE A  
MESSENGER?



YOU'RE GONNA  
TAKE AN UPDATE  
OF OUR PLANS TO  
THE SOUTHERN  
ARMY.





THIS ISN'T LIKE WHEN  
YOU MADE ME RUN MESSAGES  
BACK AND FORTH FROM THE CITY  
AND THEN I FOUND OUT IT WAS  
JUST AN ON-GOING GAME OF  
TIC-TAC-TOE BETWEEN YOU  
AND THE PRINCE, IS IT?



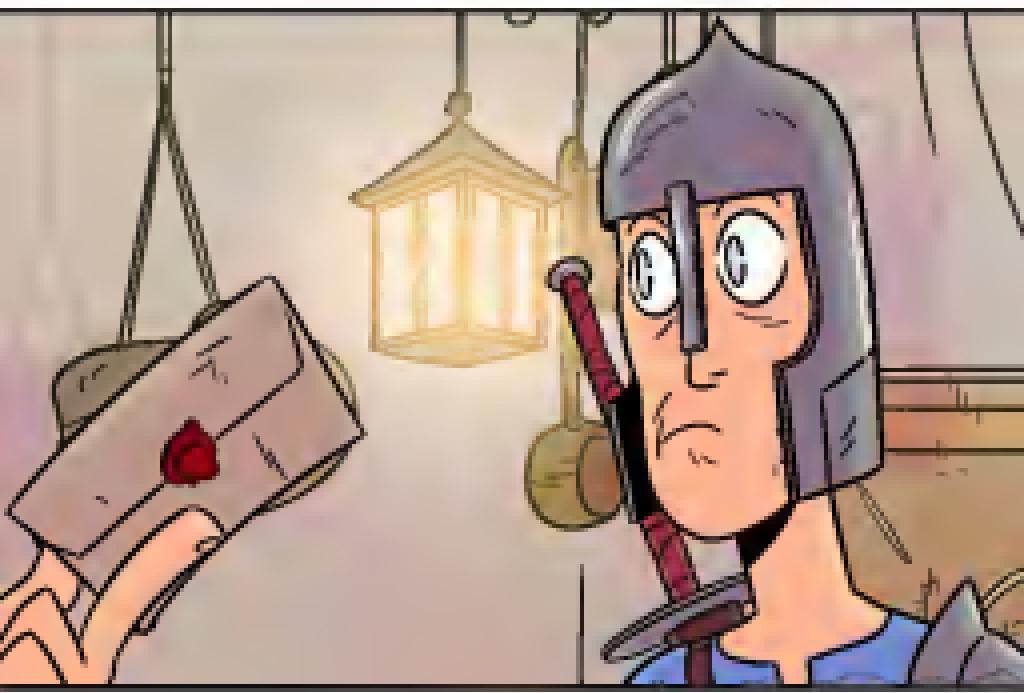


HAHAHA,  
I REMEMBER  
THAT.



EHM.  
NO, THIS ISN'T THAT.  
THIS IS IMPORTANT.  
IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT THIS  
REACHES THE SOUTHERN ARMY.  
SO THEY CAN ADJUST THEIR  
PLANS ACCORDINGLY.

LIVES ARE  
AT STAKE HERE,  
AJAX.





YOU CAN  
COUNT ON ME.

I HAVE FAITH IN  
YOUR ABILITY TO  
MESS THIS UP.



AW,  
SHUT UP.

IT'S JUST  
DELIVERING A  
STUPID LETTER.  
HOW HARD COULD  
IT BE?



A cartoon illustration of a person wearing a blue vest and brown pants riding a brown horse. They are in a vast, arid landscape with large, craggy rock formations and distant green trees under a clear sky. A white speech bubble above them contains the text "WELP, I'M LOST."

WELP,  
I'M LOST.



WHAT ABOUT  
YOU, GLITTERHOOF?  
DO YOU RECOGNIZE  
ANY OF THIS?

I NAMED YOU  
GLITTERHOOF,  
BY THE WAY.

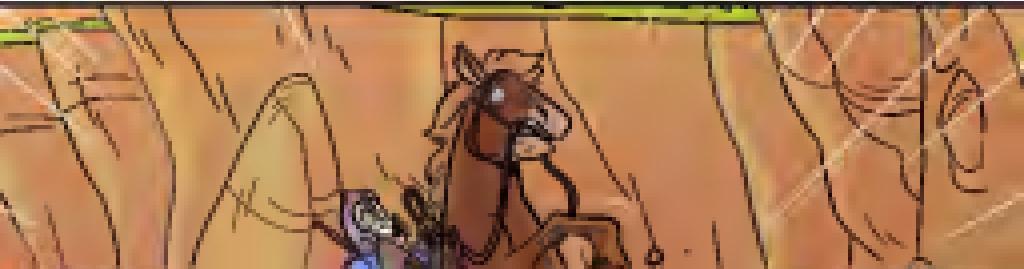
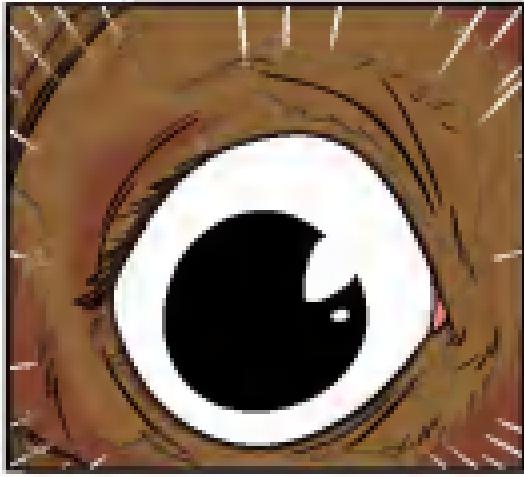


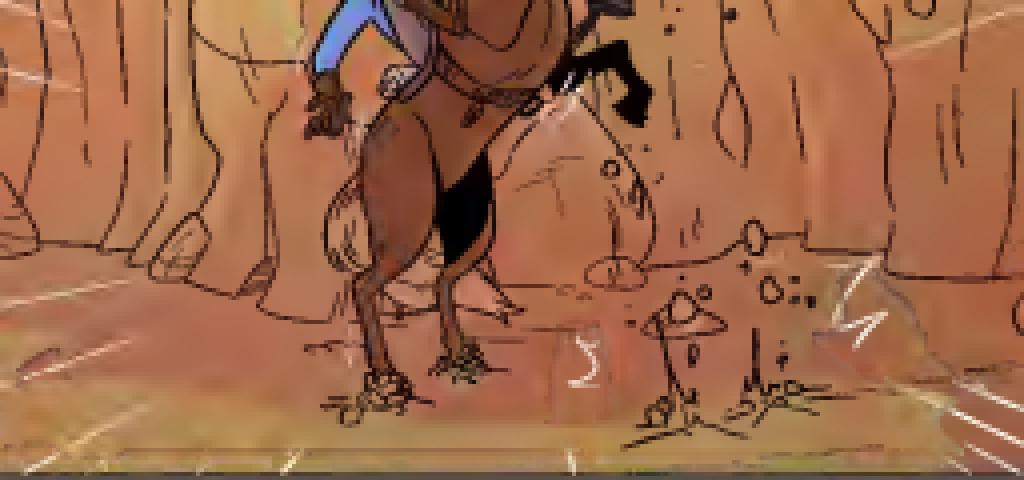
THAT'S  
WEIRD IT'S...

QUIET





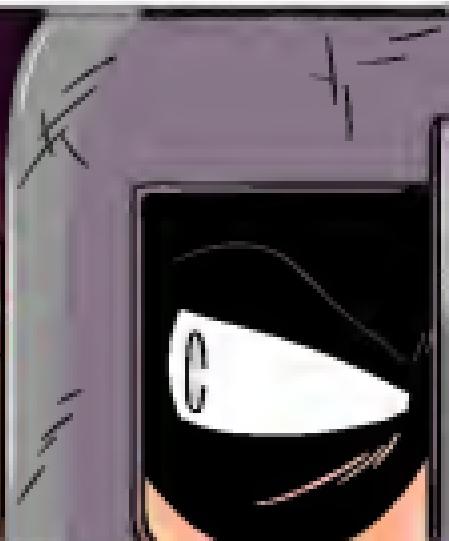






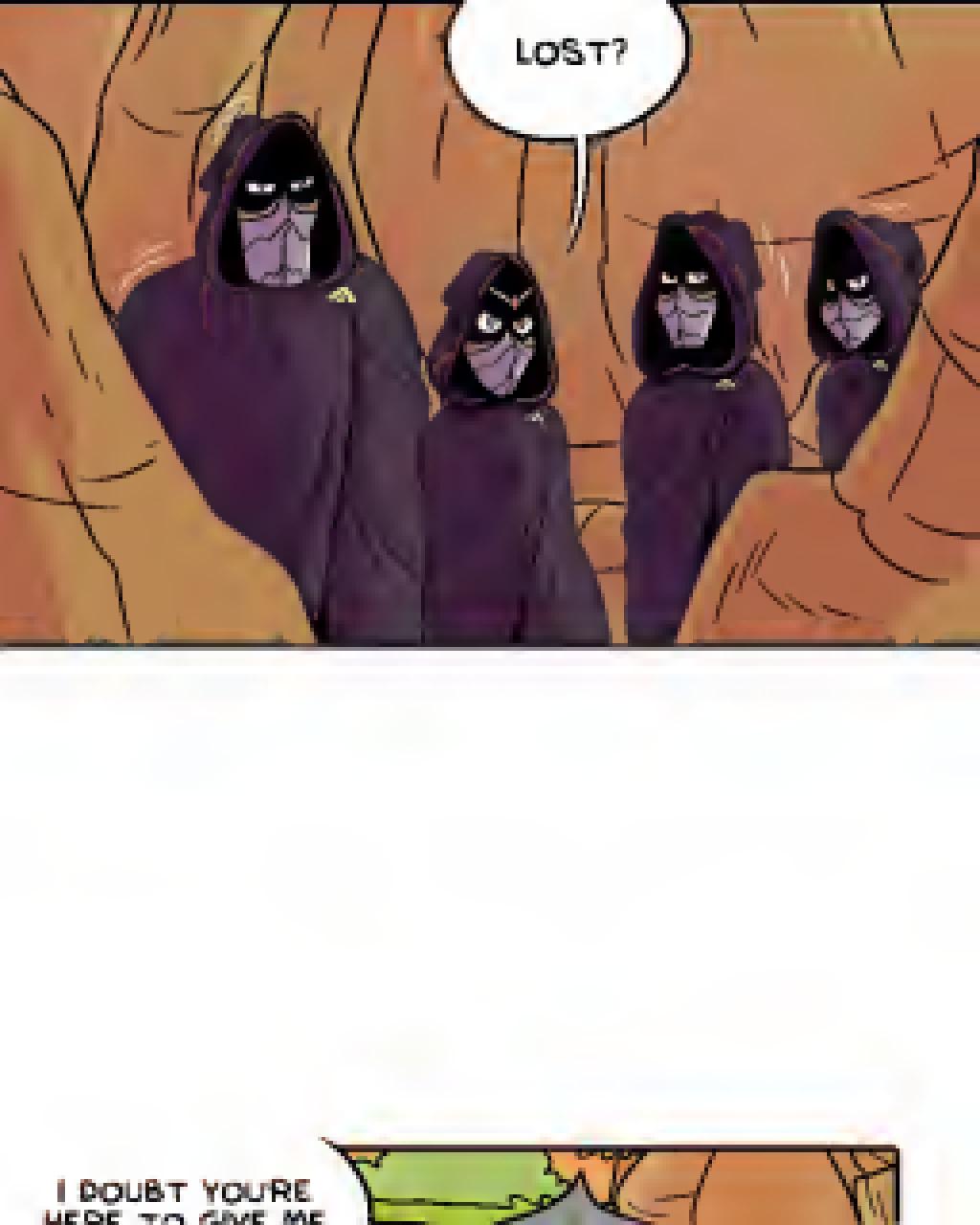












LOST?

I DOUBT YOU'RE  
HERE TO GIVE ME

HERE TO GIVE ME  
DIRECTIONS.



HEH.  
I SUPPOSE NOT.

WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?



JUST ENJOYING  
THE SCENERY.





THIS HOW  
YOU'RE GONNA  
DO IT? WHAT IS IT,  
SIX... SEVEN OR ONE?  
WHERE'S THE FUN  
IN THAT?





YOU FAVOR  
A DUEL?



IT'S THE  
HONORABLE  
THING TO DO.



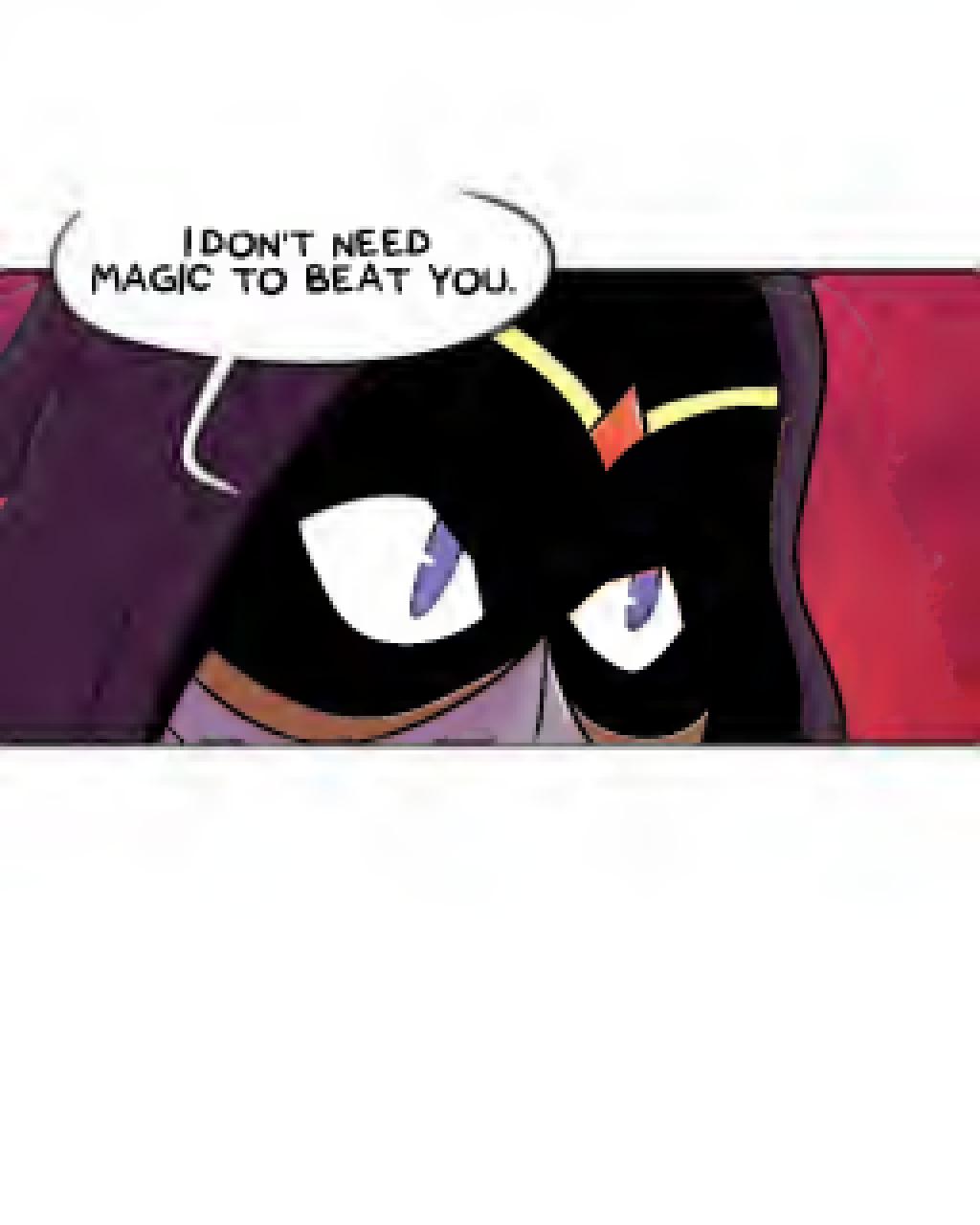
FINE.



AND NO  
MAGIC!



...FINE..



I DON'T NEED  
MAGIC TO BEAT YOU.





















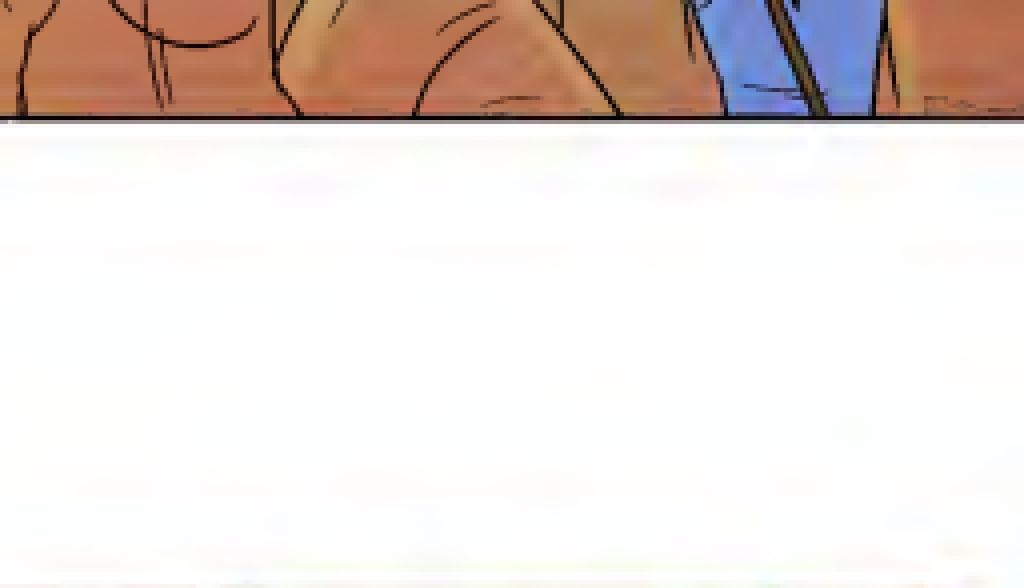




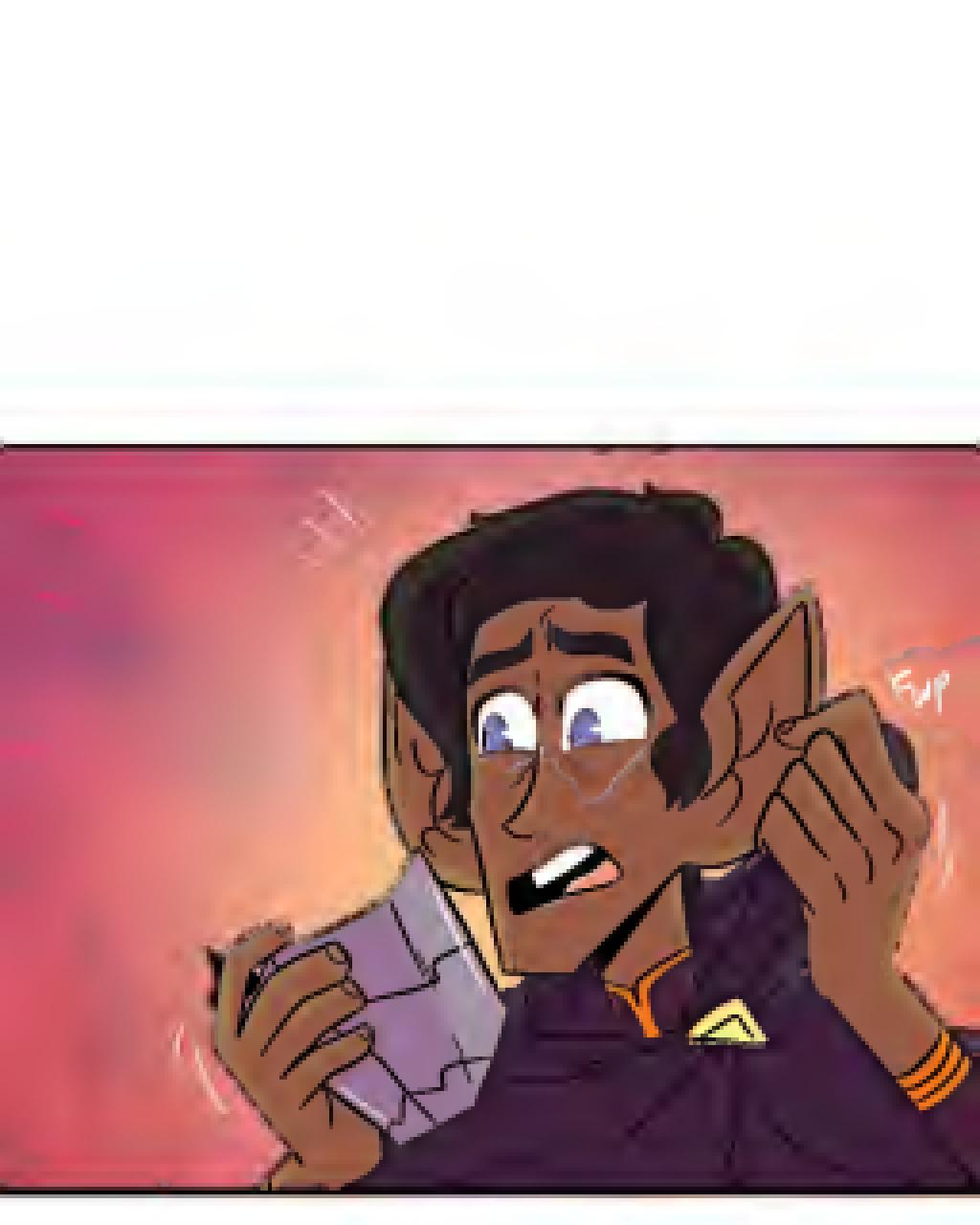




I WIN!









SAFONY!  
ARE YOU OKAY?

...IM FINE,  
RILEN.



I DON'T  
KNOW.

NOTHING  
IS HE DEAD?

MAN, HE'LL BE  
FINE. HE'S GOT A  
LETTER, THOUGH.

OFFICIAL SEAL

OPEN IT  
WHAT'S IT SAY?



"GENERAL DARIUS, WHEN  
YOU READ THIS LETTER,  
PLEASE ACT LIKE IT'S VERY  
IMPORTANT. WE SENT AJAX  
DOWN TO YOU TO KEEP HIM  
BUSY AND FROM MESSING  
ANYTHING UP AT  
OUR CAMP."

"IF POSSIBLE,  
THAW HIS ARMS DOWN."



HIM WHAT A GOOD JOB  
HE DID IT WILL BE VERY  
FUNNY SINCERELY,  
NECTOR.





AND  
THERE'S  
SOME KIND  
OF DIAGRAM  
ON IT.





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